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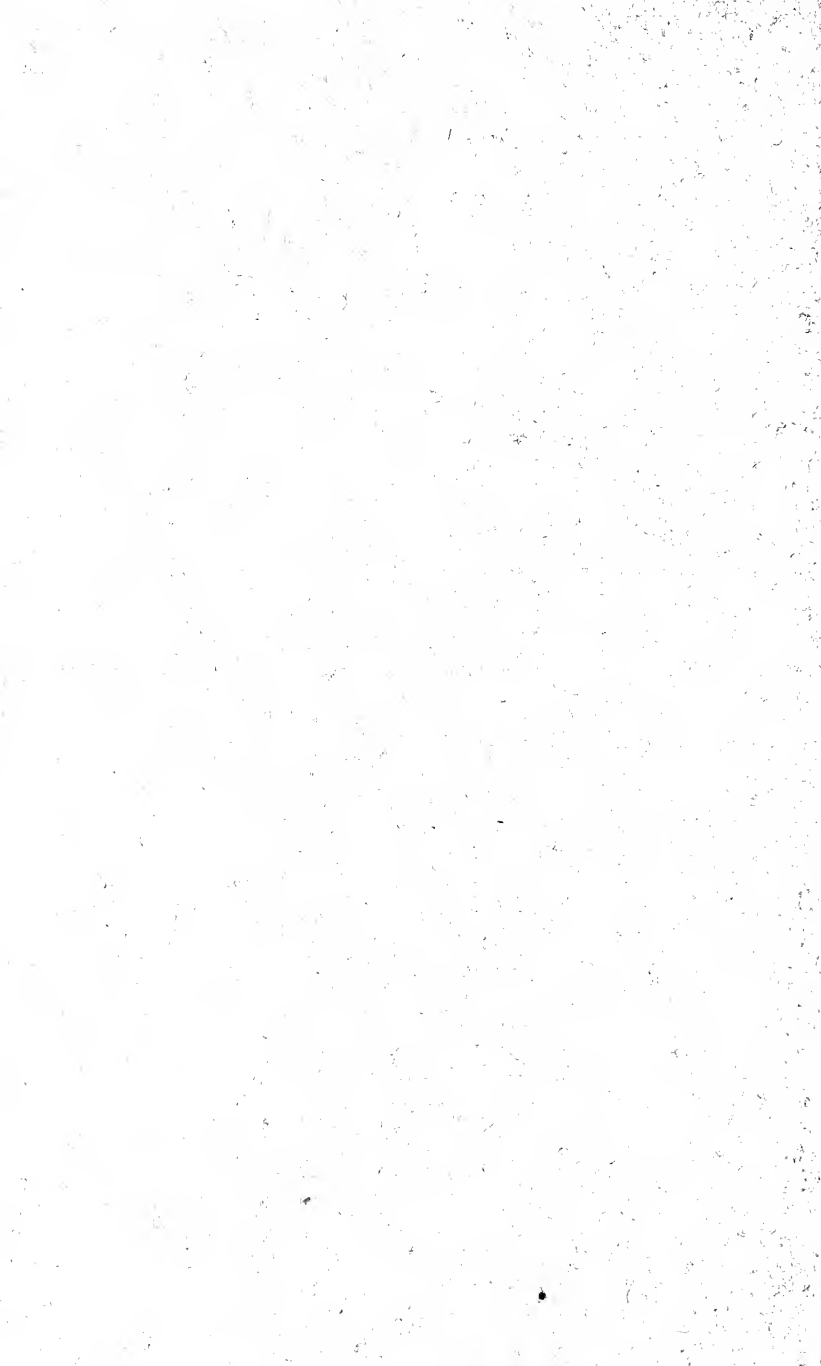
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QUAKER HILL
(LOCAL HISTORY)
S E R I E S

XVII. Historical Landmarks
in the
Town of Sherman

BY
RUTH ROGERS



HISTORICAL
LAND MARKS
IN THE
TOWN OF SHERMAN
CONNECTICUT

BY
RUTH ROGERS

READ AT THE EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE
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HISTORICAL LANDMARKS IN THE TOWN OF SHERMAN.

Do you know Dr. van Dyke's picture of the valley home of Peace? It makes you think of Sherman, for in Sherman you may find just such little gardens, and many

“a sheltered nook,
With outlooks brief and sweet
Across the meadows and along the brook;”

here, too are the little, quiet, glad-flowing streams, and the little fields, that bear

“a little wheat
To make a portion of earth's daily bread.”

In this “green and still retreat” there have been no great battles fought, nor martial trumpets blown, yet there has been much of the quieter heroism which is strong for the daily task or the rare emergency. The men who lived here in the long ago were men of strong character, pure purpose, and clean life, men in whose record their children's children rejoice. Some there were who made their impress on the outside world; merchant and missionary, soldier and statesman, professor and physician, college founder and clergyman, have gone out from Sherman. Others were content to do the lowly task and “wait in patience till its slow reward is won,” making history in

their quiet daily life; and we who come after them are quite as proud of the patriot ancestors who stayed at home and milked the cows and raised the grain as of the men who made us Daughters of the Revolution.

It is well for us that we know something of our forefathers, for the burning of the early town records sends us to family and church chronicles for the beginnings of our history. From outside sources also we can glean much.

Thus the history of the Naugatuck Indians and the annals of the Moravian Missionaries reveal the story of Mauwehu, the Indian sachem who dwelt in Potatuck, now Newtown, and who claimed much land west of the Housatonic River, including what is now Quaker Hill and Sherman. In 1729 he and twelve other chiefs signed the deed granting to the colonists for the sum of sixty-five pounds the territory between Danbury and the Litchfield County line. Mauwehu and his people moved, about the same year, to the Indian settlement at Schaghticoke, where some of his lineal descendants still remain. Converted by the Moravian missionaries and baptized Gideon, he preached the Gospel to his own people by precept and example, and the testimony of the times bears witness to his rare wisdom, superior intellect, and strong, fine character. Of the days of Mauwehu and his fathers some reminders still remain. Arrowheads found even yet in the furrow, stone pestles occasionally picked up, and mortars hollowed out of rock, tell of the

days when the Indian hunted deer in our woodlands and his dusky squaw raised and made ready the maize for his eating. On West Street the legendary Indian Rocks are seen, carved no doubt by the rude tools and skilled fingers of the red man; while an Indian grave on Green Pond Mountain has been guarded a century or two by a monument of many stones, built up, one stone at a time, by every Indian who passed by. Yet perhaps the Indian's most lasting legacy is in the musical names lingering yet upon brook and river and valley; for as long as the Wimisink and the Naromiyocknowhusunkatankshunk wind toward the Housatonic, their quaint appellations will recall the red man's trouting days, and as long as people live in the part of the town called Coburn, the name of the old Indian who once dwelt there will be upon the white man's lips. In the new Lake Mauwehu we shall have yet another reminder of the dominion of the red man and of the splendid old chief whose title was the first to our well-loved hills and valleys.

In the records of the General Assembly holden at New Haven in 1707, we find the names of eleven men of the town of Fairfield, praying for a certain tract of land to be for a township lying north of and near to Danbury, "bounded westerly on the colonie line." Fear of the Indians or some misunderstanding about the exact terms put off the settlement for thirty years after the petition was granted, and it was not un-

til 1736 or 1737 that a final survey and allotment of rights were made.

About the time, then, that the pilgrims from Dartmouth came riding their horses all the long way to Quaker Hill, a little company of men and women from old Fairfield on the shore journeyed up to the little New Fairfield, as yet unnamed, however, lying on the westerly colonie line. The new township was fourteen miles long, and the settlers divided it into two sections, called Upper and Lower Seven Miles; in each section they speedily organized a church.

For sixty years the men of the north and the south voted together and were one township; but they found it not always convenient, in those days of poor roads, few wagons, and no telephones, to do business with fellow citizens fourteen miles away, and in 1802 the people of the Upper Seven Miles petitioned the legislature to set off the north end as a separate town. Long was the debate over a name for the new township, until one day Representative Graves arose in the Assembly and moved that it be named for Roger Sherman, who once had his shoe shop within our borders. Immediate and unanimous approval greeted the suggestion and the little town received the name which is its pride.

Roger Sherman came as a young man to the home of his brother, William Sherman, near the northern border line of upper New Fairfield. Here he lived for a little while and made and mended shoes, for he

combined the shoemaker's trade with the surveyor's, and was evidently master of both. The story of his shoemaking followed him to Congress, and was used in ridicule by one of his fellow members, Randolph of Virginia, whose great pride was his descent from Pocahontas. In a debate one day, Mr. Randolph, objecting to something Roger Sherman had said, ironically asked:

"What has the gentleman from Connecticut done with his leather apron?"

Whereupon Roger Sherman answered with unmoved dignity:

"Cut it up to make moccasins for the descendants of Pocahontas!"

By the way, Edward Everett Hale has apparently not heard this bit of quick-wittedness, for he seems almost to doubt the shoe-making story. "They say," he wrote not long ago, "dear Roger Sherman was a shoemaker. I do not know, but I do know that every central suggestion in the American Constitution, 'the wisest work of men's hands that was ever struck off in so short a time,' is the suggestion of this shoemaker, Roger Sherman."

Roger Sherman moved from upper New Fairfield to New Milford and afterward to New Haven. He was the only man who helped to draft the four great documents of our national history—the Declaration of Rights, Declaration of Independence, Articles of Confederation, and the Constitution. In the Constitutional Convention at the close of the Revolution, when the As-

sembly seemed on the point of going to pieces in a storm of controversy, Roger Sherman and his fellow members from Connecticut came forward with the proposition known as the Connecticut Compromise, which saved the Constitution and made possible a federal government. Of Roger Sherman, Thomas Jefferson said: "There is a man who never said a foolish thing." The building on the Jonathan Giddings homestead, by the Wimisink brook, which is said to have been Roger Sherman's shoe shop, is typical of the rest of our landmarks, standing not so much for hours of dazzling triumph as for days of simple duty rightly done.

Between the granting and the settling of the New Fairfield township, the strip of land known as the Oblong, which was included in the original grant, had been ceded to New York State in exchange for the seacoast land called Horseneck, and Connecticut lost her claim to Quaker Hill. Yet something more than mere propinquity entered into the bond between Quaker Hill and Sherman in the years that followed. There was easy and natural communication between the two places, connected as they were by the old turnpike to Poughkeepsie. To the store on the Hill, kept in Revolutionary days by Daniel Merritt, and afterward by James Craft, Sherman people came for groceries. Especially at the Thanksgiving season, so many customers mounted the hill that the storekeeper knew beyond a doubt the Yankees were going to

keep Thanksgiving. "Sugar and spice and all things nice," they carried home with them, particularly tea, for Quaker Hill tea had a high reputation.

Moreover, there were excellent families just over the Yankee border line who paid no military tax, used the plain speech, and wore the quiet colors. To the old Meeting House on meeting days they turned their faces, and in the burial plot yonder some of them were laid to rest.

In at least one of these households over the line lingers a happy childhood memory of bright August days and the

"Cavalcade as of pilgrims,
Men and women, wending their way to the quar-
terly meeting
In the neighboring town."

Here were friends and relatives among the pilgrims, and the people stopped as at the house of Elizabeth in Longfellow's poem, for rest and refreshment. The coming of the aunts and uncles and cousins, and the festal preparations for dinner after meeting was over, must have made the Quaker Quarterly almost equivalent to the Puritan Thanksgiving, in the households nearest the meeting house.

It is also a family over the line, which was, like most of the Quaker Hill families, of Dartmouth descent, that preserves the tradition of the first pair of boots on Quaker Hill. The boots, being a proof of particular prosperity, were borrowed in turn by every man who went back to Dart-

mouth to visit. The owner of the boots is not positively remembered, but is believed, rather mistily, to have been Peter Akin. Peter Akin must have had large and generous feet, or else the Quaker Hill pioneers must all have worn the same size of footwear. At least he had a large and generous heart, for few men would have been willing to lend thus freely their cherished treasures. Generosity and goodwill belong to the Quaker, however, in nothing more evident than in his gracious, tender treatment of friend and family. Very sweet is the beautiful care of the Quaker for his beloved wife, so apparent in copies of the last will and testament that have come down to us. From large things to little, the same loving thoughtfulness is manifest, whether it is the legacy of bank stock, the good cow, the "beast of horse kind and saddle and bridle," "the youse of the pleaser carage during her nateral life," or the careful provision for the accommodation of her friends when they come to visit her, for the son's "assisting his mother to and from meeting and to go visiting," even for the furnishing of wood cut and fitted for her fire.

A house still to be seen in Leach Hollow brings back the picturesque story of one of these Yankee Quakers of Revolutionary days, John Leach. His doctrine of non-resistance was misunderstood, and attempts were made to arrest him as a Tory. It was going hard with Connecticut Tories in those days, and John Leach, not caring to risk an interview with the authorities, disap-

peared. It is believed that he was concealed in a nearby cave and that his wife, known as Aunt Molly, carried him food in the night-time. When the searchers came, though they held their pistols at her head, the plucky wife refused to give up her secret, and her husband escaped into Canada, where he stayed till the war was over. Skill and strength and sweetness shine from the pictures of Aunt Molly that still remain to us—Aunt Molly at her loom, weaving enough each day to pay the men employed by her husband to tunnel through Green Pond Mountain; Aunt Molly grown almost blind, yet knitting by night stockings for her grandchildren; and Aunt Molly, cooking day after day through the season a kettle of corn in the fireplace, to give a treat to the children in the nearby school-house.

Had John Leach lived on Quaker Hill, he would have had no such romantic experience. Most of his fellow citizens, however, belonged to the same stock as Putnam and Hale and Jonathan Trumbull, and believed as honestly in the duty of defence as John Leach in the evils of rebellion. A goodly number of men went out from the little town in answer to the nation's call. Jonathan Giddings, who lived on the northern border line of the township, was an officer in the army, valiant and resourceful. Sent into the enemy's country at the head of a scouting party, he was for nine days without any food save roots and herbs. No doubt he could have had plenty of game for

the shooting, but the firing of a gun would have betrayed him to the enemy. Jonathan's cousin and neighbor, William Giddings, who was a captain in the Revolutionary army, received his commission from General Washington. A commissary in the army, Stephen Barnes, who lived on what is now the Alexander Barlow place, was intrusted with colonial funds and had a million dollars of continental currency in his possession when it was discredited by the government. He was once captured by the British and taken into camp, where the soldiers proceeded to pump him for information about the colonial forces. When he refused to answer, they began pricking him with their bayonets, but Stephen Barnes unflinchingly kept silence. If the Britons thought the bayonet could weaken the loyalty of these "yeoman soldiers," they knew not yet the men they were dealing with.

Not all the patriotic service was given on the battlefield. According to the records of Connecticut during the Revolution, Alexander Stewart, of the north parish of New Fairfield, was for several terms chairman of the Committee of Safety and Correspondence; this committee was "to collect and care for certain stores and munitions of war and to deliver them at certain points as directed by the Governor and his council." Alexander Stewart himself had charge of some of the stores, and kept them in the garret of his house, a large two-story mansion with much carving, said to be the most pretentious in the district. This house was

torn down within the last century, and another, where Mr. George Barnum now lives, was built over the same cellar. It is believed that some of the lead stored in the old attic came from the leaden statue of King George the Third on Bowling Green, which was torn down after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, moved to Litchfield, Connecticut, by woodpath and byway, perhaps through New Fairfield or over Quaker Hill, and made into colonial bullets.

About the Stewart house at night used to prowl spies from the old Tory Hole at Webatuck, for there was more or less suspicion of the location of the stores. Under the sloping attic roof, however, the barrels of powder and bars of lead were safe from all but the mischievous ten-year-old of the family, little Tom, whose delight it was to appropriate slivers of lead for sinkers and grains of powder for his horn. Brigadier General Henry S. Turrill, who is authority for most of these facts about Alexander Stewart, tells also a legend of the boy's inventiveness, which stopped effectively the meddling with the stores. The father, going away from home one day, left the boys to split wood, promising them that they might go fishing when the task was done. It was hard to split logs with those magnificent trout waiting for them up in the "Wintergreen Woods," and little Tom suggested to the other boys that the powder in the garret would bring a speedy release. By knocking up a hoop on one of the bar-

rels, and making a small hole in the side, a piece of wire could be pushed in, and a tiny stream of powder forced out. After the hoop was knocked down, no one was the wiser for the leaking of the powder. The little lads overdid the matter, however, and so heavily did they charge the first log that the woodpile was scattered all over the yard and three lengths of new fence were utterly destroyed.

The most stirring period of the Revolution to the towns of western Connecticut was the time of the burning of Danbury. In Danbury was stored a large share of Connecticut's ammunition, and to destroy this General Tryon came with two thousand men from New York and fired the town, marching back to the shore with such plunder and burning and massacre that General Howe declared the raid disgraceful to the name of Briton. With the invasion of Danbury, mounted messengers were sent post haste to the towns roundabout, asking for help, and a special despatch to Alexander Stewart ordered the removal of the stores in his charge to the patriot camp at Peekskill. The summons was not in vain, for with the very spirit of "Old Put," men and boys were ready to leave their plows in the balmy April weather if their country needed them. Alexander Stewart's eldest son, a boy of twenty, went with the rest, leaving at home his fair young bride of four months. Any but a man of resources would have been in despair over the Peekskill despatch, for all of the men and most of the

horses available had gone to the defense of Danbury. Alexander Stewart, however, was equal to the occasion, and mustering all the oxcarts he could find, he loaded them with ammunition. In the soft hush of the April twilight, the sleepy twitter of the birds and the fragrant peacefulness of the springtime at strange variance with the tragic rumors from Danbury, the little procession moved slowly up the north road, past William Henry Taber's, and across Quaker Hill, toward the Peekskill camp, where the stores were safely delivered.

Through the north part of the township, called in early days New Dilloway, runs perhaps the most historic bit of road in town. By its side stood Roger Sherman's shoe shop, where this boy of twenty made and mended shoes in quiet preparation for the glorious work before him. Stretching from the the New York State line to the Wimisink brook, it passed the homes of Captain Joseph Giddings of the French and Indian war, of Captain William Giddings, and of the valiant scout, Jonathan Giddings. As it lay in the sunshine it must have been a silent witness to the farewells of these gallant soldiers as they went away to fight their country's battles. The proudest day the road ever knew, however, was the bracing October afternoon in 1778, when Washington and his army came marching down from Quaker Hill on their way to Boston town. Their day's march was almost done and a mile or so farther on, just over the line in Gaylordsville, they halted for the

night, Washington and his officers in the tavern kept by Deacon Benjamin Gaylord, and the body of the army in the fields nearby. It is believed they encamped there several days. Jonathan Giddings's wife Mary could show her patriotism as effectively at home as Jonathan on the field, by baking bread for the army. With six vigorous young children, the eldest twelve and the youngest two, this sweet Revolutionary dame must have found those days in early November all too short for the tasks to be accomplished in them. If those were Jonathan's scouting days, no doubt the young wife sighed as she despatched the fresh brown loaves to the encampment over the river and vainly longed that some of them might find their way to her hungry soldier far in the enemy's country.

In the Gaylord Tavern, Lafayette and Rochambeau are also said to have been entertained. About one minute's walk south of this building, which is still wonderfully well preserved, stands a magnificent oak tree, where, according to tradition, Washington halted on his line of march, to admire no doubt its wondrous symmetry and "patient strength," its "gnarled stretch," and "depth of shade." Never did he fail to appreciate the glory and grandeur of beautiful trees.

Aside from Revolutionary reminders, there are other quieter landmarks which stand for the beginnings of a New England town. One of these is the old tavern at the center, now Mr. Henry Briggs's house,

which was both postoffice and hotel, the center of information in the little town. Here were posted notices of all kinds, here the stage stopped for refreshment on its weekly trip between New Milford and Poughkeepsie, and here the people gathered to get the weekly newspaper and rare letters and to hear the news that stage and traveler brought. Here also came traveling showmen, exhibiting occasionally in the great ballroom. Mrs. Laura Stuart Sherwood remembers going to this tavern to see a display of waxworks, walking the mile from home alone at the mature age of five. The day was memorable for the new pair of green morocco shoes she wore and the new plaid linen dress, home spun, home woven, and home made, from home raised flax. Ranged on all sides of the ballroom the wax figures went through their marvelous representations of the Sleeping Beauty, Captain Cook devoured by the Cannibals, Pocahontas Saving the Life of John Smith, and above all, the Witch of Endor raising Samuel from the Dead. The life-like images of the awful-looking witch and the gray-bearded patriarch made this scene of Old Testament history more real than any other to the eyes of the five-year-old child.

Of the days of tavern, turnpike and tollgate, Sherman has a lasting reminder in the pass at the foot of Briggs Hill, known as the Narrows, a precipice of rock on each side of a narrow road, where all travelers paid their toll. No wonder the visitor from

New York State said that Yankees knew where to put a tollgate, for one could neither run past this nor go by it, and could never get out of paying his sixpence per horse every time he went over the road. The first stage-driver on the Poughkeepsie turnpike was Captain Elihu Stuart, whose typical old-time coach was modeled after Washington's, well braced in front and rear, and swung on each side with stout, swaying straps of leather. Four horses he drove, the leaders, a brown and a bay, named Morris and old Jack, and the other two a team of grays named Trotter foot and Charlie. In the days of the last stage-driver, Isaiah McKibbin, the trip was tri-weekly, McKibbin leaving Poughkeepsie every other morning and returning the next night, spending the night between in New Milford. This man of the sturdy Scotch name had all the indomitable pluck of his sturdy Scotch blood. Through drifts and storms that would subdue anyone else he could break his way, and in a term of many years he is said to have missed but one trip. He is still remembered as a notable stage-driver of the olden type, large of figure, florid of face, and ready of tongue, with a fund of stories to tell. Can anything be more picturesque than an old-time journey in a swaying, four-horse coach, through fresh country air sweet with cinnamon roses and clove pinks, over the hills and valleys we know so well, with a jolly, gossipy driver to beguile the long miles by fascinating stories, and at the end of the

day a night of rest in the great, curtained four-poster of some country tavern?

Another place which should be kept in memory is the level field at the center in front of Charles McDonald's house, where training and general muster were held. According to the New England custom, every man was compelled to train for the militia under penalty of fine, and each town had its company, which was annually reviewed and drilled. In the words of an old-time song:

"The first Monday in May
Is Training Day,
And nothing can be grander;
Brother Bill
Is corporill,
And father, he's commander."

In the autumn came regimental training or general muster, held in a different place each year, a regular circuit being made of the towns in the district. Town and district officers and sometimes state officers were there, as well as many spectators, including the families of the military men and guests from out of town. In 1830 general muster was held in Sherman. The stirring sounds of fife and drum, the superb horses of the officers, the gorgeous uniforms of the men—red-banded blue coats, white trousers, and stiff cockade hats—and the marching and counter-marching and maneuvers of the battlefield must have made a real pageant to the quiet little town. Each company sent rations for its men, and for the officers a sumptuous feast was spread in the

nearby tavern; General Hinman, Connecticut's commander of militia, being chief guest of honor. No picture of Training Day would be complete without mention of the gingerbread, which was as indispensable to Training Day as firecrackers to Fourth of July. In the memory of those who have known the festival still linger visions of those squares of gingerbread, creased across the top, glazed with molasses, sweet, spicy, and delicious.

Like all Puritan towns, Sherman had a whipping posts and stocks, standing on the green near the center church, and used within the memory of one now living, Mrs. Sherwood, who tells of seeing, in her childhood, a man tied to the post and whipped for the offence of stealing. The theft was not large, but "stealing was stealing in those days," and the punishment vigorously inflicted by the inflexible old magistrate, Squire Beardsley. Mrs. Sherwood was but a child when the last transgressor was whipped at the post, yet the shrinking, cringing figure, turning and twisting under the smarting blows, is still a vivid picture after ninety years have passed. This same Squire Beardsley exacted the lawful fine for swearing, one dollar for every oath. There is a story told of one man who was so angry over the fine that he swore the harder; the old squire, however,, waited quietly until he subsided, and then coolly collected a penalty of three or four dollars for the second outbreak.

The early church and schoolhouse are al-

ways landmarks in a new community, and though these have long ago been replaced in Sherman by more modern buildings, memory pictures of them still remain. The old church, across the road from the present Union Church at the center, was a typical Puritan house of worship—large, bare, unheated, each pew square and roomy with a door at the end and a seat around the sides. In the high gallery sat the singers, bass in the south gallery, treble in the north, and tenor and counter together in the west. Everybody went to church in early days and the great meeting-house, holding probably five or six hundred people, was well filled Sunday after Sunday. On foot, in lumber wagons, and on horseback the people came, to listen to two hour-long sermons, one at ten o'clock, the other at one. In winter they brought their foot-stoves and filled them in the noon intermission with coals from the neighboring houses, where they ate their luncheons. Over their luncheons they discussed the sermon thoughtfully and reverently, with real interest and understanding, for theology was the topic of the people. The beautiful ministry of the beloved pastor, Rev. Maltby Gelston, is a cherished part of Sherman church history.

Those were the days of a Puritan Sabbath. From the going down of the sun on Saturday to the going down of the sun on Sunday, no unnecessary work was done, neither bootblackening nor shaving, nor needless cooking; no riding or driving permitted save the trip to church. Children were

brought up in strictest regard for the Sabbath, and any infringement on their part was ventured in fear and trembling. Three little Sherman people, going out into the orchard for apples one Puritan Sabbath day, though they wanted the apples very, very much, thought they must surely be as naughty as the mocking Hebrew children who said unto Elisha, "Go up, thou bald-head," and so they set the youngest one, the little brother, to keep watch for the bears and give warning if they came out of the wood.

Quaint as the old-time church was the first schoolhouse, with its rows of hard, straight slab benches on three sides of the room, its rough counters, parallel with the benches, for the children's books, and its great stone fireplace at the end. The school was large, made up of three-year-old babies learning their letters and grown young people mastering the problems of Daboll's arithmetic and the constructions of the English reader. The mantle of Job must have been sorely needed by the young teacher, who received the princely salary of seventy-five cents or one dollar a week, and who taught, summer and winter, six days out of seven, with only one half-holiday in a fortnight and only four weeks vacation in the year. She had moral as well as mental charge of her little flock, and misdemeanors were promptly reported to her for punishment. Coming into this old-time schoolhouse one day, a little three-year-old, who is a Chicago multi-millionaire now, solemnly

affirmed that one of the boys had been swearing. The teacher, grieved and surprised, asked what the boy had said, and the child answered, in a low, shocked voice:

"Mudpuddle!"

Of the high scholarship in those early days much might be said. Modern schools have no more brilliant pupils than the little fellow, trained in this country schoolhouse, who went through Daboll's arithmetic at six, and was called years after by one who knew him in his college course, the brightest man in Yale.

Firmly laid in the plain bare schoolhouse were the foundations of learning and culture, by bright, conscientious teachers. One who faithfully taught the little ones their A. B. C's and the older ones their rhetoric and logic was afterward Connecticut's wise and honored Governor Andrews.

Perhaps more important than all the rest, because at the root of all, are the early homes, those Puritan homes of vigor and vitality, simplicity and strength, honor and uprightness. Dear to our hearts to-day is the slightest plenishing of a house of the olden time, whether it be the bit of blue china, the heirloom of silver, the fiddleback chair, the grandfather's clock, or the spinning-wheel, that has seen the people and the life we can only read and write and wonder about. The very houses are attractive, bare and empty though some of them may be. Great fireplaces and capacious brick ovens still tell the story of the old-time hospitality, and the great rooms

seem to thrill even yet with the happy, busy stir of the throng of children who had their work to do even then, and were brought up in the way they should go, trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Some of them worked for the nation in after years, helping to make the world wiser and better and safer, and a few have gained more or less distinction.

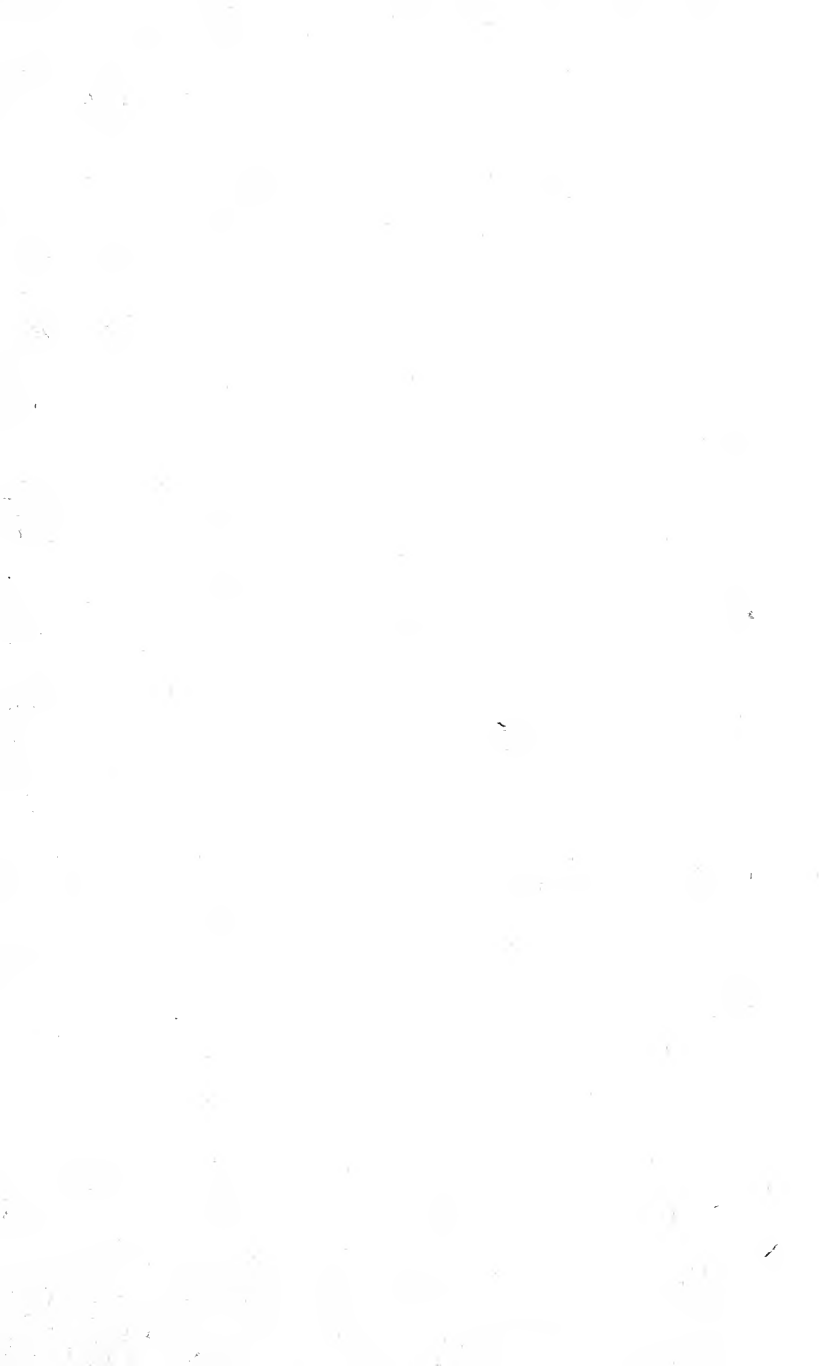
Thus Ammi Giddings, born on his grandfather's homestead, living afterward in Ohio, was clerk of the House of Representatives, member and president pro tem of the Senate, and Justice of the Supreme Court of Montana. Marsh Giddings, who went from Sherman to Michigan in his boyhood, was appointed Consul General to India by President Grant, but refused the appointment; he was afterward made Governor of New Mexico, and was said to have filled the trust "with great credit to himself and the people of the territory." Franklin Giddings, born in the old tavern at the center when it was kept by his grandfather, Revilo Fuller, is professor of sociology at Columbia University, a man of whom we have a right to be proud. Only the other day a Japanese student in America gave the name of Professor Giddings as one of the six Americans best known and most admired in Japan; when asked which of the six he considered the greatest, he answered: "Professor Giddings." Professor Giddings was invited several years ago to deliver a course of lectures at the University of Tokio. Of his sociological books

at least one has been translated into Japanese, French, Russian, Spanish, Bohemian and Hebrew. Philo Penfield Stewart, a grandson of Alexander Stewart, went as a missionary to the Choctaw Indians in Mississippi when he was twenty-three years old, making the horseback journey alone through two thousand miles of wilderness. Though he refused to accept any salary from the Board, he was called the most useful man on the field, his Yankee skill helping in many ways, especially by constructing a grist mill to grind the corn, which before this the children in the school had pounded in mortars. After coming back to the East he invented the Stewart stove, from which, it is said, everything of value in the modern cooking stove is taken. The story of his struggle and poverty before the stoves were put upon the market, sometimes his only fare being corn meal and water, sounds like the life story of inventors the world over. When the tide turned and his hands were filled with money he sought the best possible use for it. So it came about that he founded Oberlin College, a pioneer institution in co-education, manual training, and open doors to the colored race. Oberlin is the mother of twenty other colleges, and more than twenty thousand students have gone in and out at her doors and called her blessed. As pioneer missionary, abolitionist, inventor, philanthropist, and founder of Oberlin, Philo Penfield Stewart brings lasting honor upon the town of his birth.

The church and the school and the early homes are our landmarks and our pride. Of the Puritan type and the Puritan stock, they yet belong to a day when Puritanism was mellowing into a broader toleration, though losing none of its grandeur and principle, relaxing a little in judging the neighbor's deed, but abating not at all in the standard set for self.

The Puritan and the Quaker dwelt side by side, one in the valley, the other on the hilltop. In outward forms they differed, but in the great things of men's souls they were not far apart. So long as we who come after them live our faith as they lived theirs, in love to God and goodwill to man, the future of Quaker Hill and of Sherman will be as glad and beautiful as the past has been strong and heroic.





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